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DREAMLAND.

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

Oh, the strangely-fabled land of dreams,
The sunniest, saddest clime,
We are wafted there with our cargo of thought,
In the space of a breath of time.

Sometimes the skies are fashioned bright;
The rainbow of joy is there;
But often, too, they are somber-hued,
With the night of dark despair.

Our dreams fantasize lightly span
The stream of memory o'er,
And the care-worn man or woman of life,
Is the care-free child once more.

We revel again in childish glee
With father and mother near;
We gambol beneath the old shade tree,
With little playmates dear.

While yet we quaff the old-time draught,
The chimera joy has fled,
And a scene of direst woe is ours,
As we stand beside our dead.

Oh, the changeful scenes of vision-land,
We would haste from its courts away!
So oft 'tis filled with the black of night,
That we long for the break of day.

OLD GRIZZLY,

The Bear-Tamer:

OR, THE

WILD HUNTRESS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,

AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM PRINCESS"; OR, NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER;" "THE BLACKFOOT QUEEN"; OR, OLD NICK WHIPPLES IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW FRIEND.

BIG HAND, the great head chief of the Blackfeet, was the accepted father of Silver Tongue, the most beautiful maiden of the whole tribe. She was about the age of Leaping Elk, and her attractions of person and manner had made her renowned among her people, many of whom had sought her hand; but there was but one who ever touched her heart.

Fleet Foot, the daring son of Iron Heel, had been betrothed to her, and the union was heralded by all as one eminently fit and promising; but, before its accomplishment, Fleet Foot fell in battle, and, as the reader has learned, Iron Heel had adopted Pe-toh-pe-kiss, the Young Eagle, in his stead.

The usual season of mourning followed, and then admirers approached Silver Tongue again; but she repelled them all, and, so far, no one had yet appeared who bore any prospect of succeeding to the place of her lover dead and gone.

But, there was one who suspected that the fire had been re-kindled, and only needed a little fanning to excite it into the same enduring, glowing flame.

Silver Tongue had seen the Young Eagle when he so gallantly defended his life against the fearful odds in the council square, and Leaping Elk had marked the brightening of her eye as she looked breathlessly on, and his heart was delighted at the thought that he might secure this beautiful maiden for a sister, after all.

To her, therefore, he determined to go, while the fate of his newly-adopted brother hung trembling in the balance, acquaint her with his peril, and implore her intercession with her father in his behalf. He believed she could do much for him, and he held well-grounded fears of the action of the council.

It was a great trial to Leaping Elk to do this, as he held the wonderful maiden in a sort of reverential awe, as a being who was far above all others of her sex, and who was to be approached only with a deference due to a superior race; and, it was only by keeping in mind the imminent danger of his "brother" that he could summon up enough courage to undertake the task.

But the council had scarcely begun its deliberations, for the second time, when Leaping Elk made his appearance in the lodge of Big Hand, and was ushered into the presence of the young queen of the woods.

She was seated on a couch of furs, and received him with unmistakable pleasure, so that the boy felt at ease at once. She was attired in the brilliant dress of the people with whom she dwelt, with the stained eagle feathers in her hair, the rich wampum and beads about her neck and waist, and certainly her dark, lustrous eyes, rounded form, and fine, clear features, added a remarkable beauty to her person, and justified the extravagant praise that had been lavished upon her by all the braves of the tribe.

She waved her hand to her visitor, as an invitation to him to be seated, but he preferred to remain standing like a servant in her presence.

"Silver Tongue," said he, in his sad voice, "I have come to ask a great kindness of thee."

She looked wonderingly at him, not dreaming to what he referred, but she replied in the kindness of her heart:

"Leaping Elk is a brave and good lad, and Silver Tongue will always be his friend."

The heart of the young warrior throbbed with delight at this compliment, and with a suffused face he replied:

"Big Hand is a great chief, and loves his daughter—"

"And Silver Tongue loves him," she hastened to say, taking the words from his mouth.

"It is for that reason I come to her," he continued; "does Silver Tongue know that

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"Jes' look at my rosebud! Durn my ole moccasins if he ain't got more sense nor a muel."

I have a new brother, one to whom my heart clings as if he were Fleet Foot, my dead mate? Does she know whom I mean?"

"Young Eagle, the white warrior," she answered, with a flushing face and eager eye, that confirmed the suspicion of her young auditor. "What news have you of him?"

"He is bound and placed in the strong lodge—"

"But not to die," answered Silver Tongue. "Only to await the moment for adoption."

"Silver Tongue say Pe-toh-pe-kiss when he slew Stu-mick-o-sucks in the council square, and wounded On-ce-pa and other warriors. Did she not?"

"She did, and the Young Eagle struck swift and sure as does the Manitou from the storm-cloud. He is a gallant warrior, and the heart of Silver Tongue is strangely drawn toward him!" she exclaimed, with flushing eye and heaving bosom. "The Buffalo's Back deserved the blow he got, and the Young Eagle shall not be harmed for dealing it."

"I knew that Silver Tongue looked kindly upon my new brother. Does she, too,

love him?" asked the boy, with charming simplicity.

Over face, neck and swelling bosom of the fair girl, for fair she was, a crimson tide swept, but instantly passing away, left her calm as before.

"Surely they will not dare to harm him!" she said, with an inquiring look at her companion.

"He is bound and placed in the strong lodge—"

"But not to die," answered Silver Tongue. "Only to await the moment for adoption."

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"I knew that Silver Tongue looked kindly upon my new brother. Does she, too,

love him?" asked the boy, with charming simplicity.

The maiden was silent a moment, and then she spoke in a voice of deep sadness.

"Big Hand is a great warrior, and is stern of heart. He may refuse my prayer, if the council decide that the Young Eagle shall die."

"But you will not refuse to plead for him?" asked the youth, forgetting every thing but his anxiety for his adopted brother.

"I will do *anything*," she replied, passionately. "I will fall on my knees before him, as soon as he returns to his lodge; I will plead with him as though it were your life or my own that was at stake; but, Big Hand will not let his love for me stand in the way of what he thinks his duty."

"That is all I can," replied the grateful Leaping Elk, who turned on his heel to depart.

"Stay," she called out, laying her hand on his arm, and as the youth turned wonderingly back, she spoke in a hurried undertone:

"What is it you wish of me?"

"You say he is in the strong lodge; is

there no way he can be helped to escape from there?"

Leaping Elk shook his head.

"They will give us no opportunity; they will watch him night and day. Do what you can with Big Hand."

"I will," she replied, in a tone which showed how deep her interest was in the safety of the imperiled captive, Young Eagle.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOUBLE TRAIL.

HARDLY had the Wild Huntress disappeared within the rock when, with a shudder, a quick gasp and spasmodic lifting of the eyelids, the Avenger, so we must continue to call him, came back to life and consciousness.

A blow to render a man of such enormous physical power totally unconscious could have but some bad effect. And, as he rose upon his elbow, and glanced hurriedly round, he became suddenly aware of an acute pain in the shoulder, that, for an instant, caused him to suspect the arm was dislocated.

Luckily such was not the case. An effort put forth with more determination enabled him to rise, first to his knees, and then to his feet, when, with a still uncertain, wavering eye, he glanced round the little rocky amphitheater in which he stood.

The first object that met his gaze was the dead body of the panther. It lay a few paces distant, the immense head thrown back, the powerful limbs lying outstretched and fast stiffening in death.

It was a dangerous-looking foe, when living, to encounter and the man could but congratulate himself upon escaping with life from so terrible a conflict.

With the exception of the dead beast nothing save the frowning rocks and towering cliffs was to be seen. The woman, the white horse, and the bear all had disappeared, leaving no trace behind by which it could be told whence they had gone.

"This is strange, very strange," he muttered. "Why should she so abruptly leave one who had imperiled his life to save that of her horse, let alone herself? And those pale, sad features! They are familiar, very familiar! And surely I *must* have seen them elsewhere than in these wilds," and he paused a moment in deep thought.

Suddenly, with a start as though a blow had been dealt him, he exclaimed aloud:

"Great Heaven! if it *should* be! But it can not! it is impossible! for *she* perished with all the others on that dark and terrible night. And yet, I did not find her body, nor that of the child, when I so carefully searched among the gory corpses that lay around! Stranger things than this have happened! and I *will* solve this mystery."

While so musing, the eye of the speaker chanced to discover a narrow trail, leading off between the large rocks, and tending down the mountain.

This, with his usual promptitude, he determined to follow. There appeared no other mode of leaving the place on horseback save this, and hence he concluded that the mysterious woman had left him by that route.

Once more scanning the surrounding rocks and ledges above, but without discovering the secret passage through which the Huntress had gone, the Avenger left the spot, and slowly began the descent into the valley, that lay far beneath.

Still somewhat weak and sore from the effect of his recent combat, he at first found considerable difficulty in traveling the rugged trail, but, as he advanced, he warmed up to the work, and ere long rapidly increased his pace.

In the valley the trail abruptly ended. A shallow creek with rocky bottom seemed to be the termination. Here the horse had entered the stream, and gone either up or down, it could not be told which, as the smooth hard stone and gravelly bottom left no sign to guide even the most experienced eye.

In vain the man searched up and down, and upon the further side. There was not the slightest mark. The trail had disappeared as completely as had the woman when she entered the face of the precipice above.

"She has again escaped me," muttered the Avenger. "But why she should do so, especially after what has occurred, is more than I can understand. There is some mystery here that I will penetrate let come what will. I will seek the bear-tamer, and together we may be enabled to once more get a clue as to this strange being's whereabouts."

The Avenger turned down the valley, passed round the spur of the mountain, and, keeping under cover as much as possible, he struck across the hills in the direction where Old Grizzly had said his ranche was located.

A brisk walk of less than an hour brought him to the edge of the timber, beyond which the camp of the bear-tamer lay, and here he paused and looked carefully around for some indication of its whereabouts.

It is more than probable that he would never have found the secret pass-way into the hunter's stronghold, but, just at that moment, a series of deep, savage growls fell upon his ear, seeming to come from the very bowels of the mountains.

Advancing cautiously in the direction from whence came the sounds, the Avenger turned the corner of the great boulder that lay in front, and the next moment was carefully feeling his way along the narrow cut.

As he reached the inner termination he was abruptly brought to a standstill by Blinker's deep-mouthed note of alarm, and,

almost instantly, the voice of the bear-tamer was heard calling the dog off:

"Down, Blinker! I don't ye see the man ar' white?" Down I say!" he continued, savagely, as the great brute still showed signs of attacking. "Fire an' fagots! do you want what I give the b'ar sw'le ago! Hello, stranger! got back, hey?" Wal, yur welkin into her bizzum in my happy fam'bly. They're a set o' beauties, ain't they?" said Old Grizzly, waving his hand round so as to include all present in the little amphitheater.

"They art, indeed, my friend," replied the other, "and you—"

"Yes, ar' a' fond uv 'em, fur I knows thet's what yur goin' to say. But tell me, ole mystery, did yur find ther woman, an' their white hoss, an' ther b'ar?"

"I did find them all, but regret to say that I almost immediately lost them again."

"Yur did! Wal, that's your bad. Found 'em an' then let 'em give ye ther slip! All ar' em, do ye mean—woman, hoss, b'ar an' all? Why, whar' wurr yur eyes, man?" and the old hunter gazed upon the new-comer with a glance of half-contempt and half-pity.

"You will best understand how so seemingly an impossible thing happened, by permitting me to relate all that has happened since we parted after the fight."

"Why, sartin, sartin! I han't no curiosity, not the least bit, but I shed like ter know how yur kemp to miss sech a trail es that party'd be apt to leave behind. Why, dang my ole moccasins if I couldn't a' foltered sech a'un ter Gabriel's ranch."

Checking the laughter that he found impossible to resist on hearing the bear-tamer's forcible assertion, he whom we only know as the Avenger proceeded to relate the events that had so recently occurred, concluding with a vivid description of the conflict on the mountain, and the mysterious disappearance of the wild rider, and her dumb companions.

"Yur say yur foltered ther trail down their mountain, an' lost it at ther crick?" asked Old Grizzly, who was evidently much interested.

"Yes, and I do not think any one could have followed it further; in fact I do not think it went any further."

"Yur bet it did," said the bear-tamer, positively. "What bekin' uv em if it didn't, then? Yur didn't arch close, man, er ye'd a'found it leavin' ther crick above er below somewhere."

"Well, I have come to ask that you will assist me in again getting on the track of this mysterious person. I have the strongest reasons for wishing to meet her again, and I have thought that you would—" "And so I will," interrupted Grizzly, "but you see, stranger, that's a wuss business nor all the women, an' white husses, an' b'ars in creation, that's got to be attended to first. I war jess starin' out when I hear Blinker tellin' that a human war about."

"But can not that be attended to afterward? I tell you I have the strongest reasons for wishing to find this woman."

For an instant the old bear-tamer stood looking at the other in blank amazement.

"Fagots an' flints! Didn't I tell yur afore that the boyee war missin'? Hey yur forgot that?" he exclaimed, almost savagely.

"Has he not yet returned?" asked the Avenger, in a tone of surprise.

"No, he hasn't, nor he isn't likely to till I goes arter him. The boyee ar' in their group in ther Blackfeet, an' he must be got out. Ar' yur willin' to help?" The question was put abruptly; it might be sternly, and the speaker, gazed steadily into the other's eyes.

"Of course I am," was the ready reply.

"Thet war sed like a man. Guy us yur fist, stranger," said Grizzly. "Help me snake the boyee out, an' then I foler the trail uv that white hoss to ther Rockies but what I'll find his rider."

The bear-tamer now proceeded to give an account of the Indian boy's visit, and his singular message from Silver Tongue.

"The time sou' for the meetin'," he continued, "ar' when the moon gits above the tree-tops yander."

"You don't think it's a plan to betray us into the hands of the Blackfeet, do you?" asked the Avenger.

"I don't know; an' what's more, I don't kee a cuss, so long as that's a chance to get the boyee clair. But, I don't b'lieve it ar'. The Injun lad wur powerful grateful fur bein' saved frum the b'ar, an' yur know one uv 'em don't never forgit a thing like that." "Well, then, I am ready," was the prompt reply.

"An' so am I, Jess as soon as I kin see arter these beauties a bit," said the bear-tamer, turning to the cave and disappearing within.

In a few moments he emerged, bearing in his arms a huge piece of buffalo meat, which he at once divided and distributed among the several animals that were squatting around, eagerly watching his motions. While so engaged, Old Grizzly kept up a running comment upon their various characteristics, explaining the history of this one, the remarkable intelligence of another, and so on until all had been fed save the mighty Sampson, who was patiently awaiting his turn, well knowing that the lion's share would be given him.

"Jes' look at my rosebud!" Durn my ole moccasins if he ain't got more sense nor a mael," and the bear-tamer gave the bear a large piece of the meat with one hand while he caressed the enormous head of the other. "Healthy appetite, hain't he?" he continued, with a broad grin, as the bear bolted piece after piece with the utmost avidity. "I tell you, stranger, that feedin' uv such a family ain't no small job, an' it keeps me an' Fire Fangs hyer purty bizzy, I tell you. If they holds out much longer, thar won't be no buffer left in these regions."

Thus talking and working at the same moment, Old Grizzly finally concluded the task, and announced his readiness to depart.

"Hyer, Blinker!" he called, "I'm of ag'in, an' ain't likely I'll be back much afore some time, or other. You're to stay hyer a mind yer don't eat Sampson. Do 'ee understand?"

The dog manifested his intelligence by gravely walking off and assuming his position as guard near the entrance.

"Them's the ticket! I wouldn't give much for the fellas as comes in hyar while I'm off. His hide wouldn't hold a bundle uv sage grass arter Blinker hed finished wi' him. Now, stranger, let's be on," and throwing his heavy rifle across his shoulder, the bear-tamer led the way to the country without.

CHAPTER X. LEAPING ELK'S MESSAGE.

It was yet something more than one hour of the time appointed for the interview with Silver Tongue, at the rock by the "falling waters," but the two hunters pushed rapidly forward, knowing that a long *détour* was necessary to avoid the Indian village or any chance stragglers that might be prowling about in outskirts.

Both knew that the utmost caution and secrecy were imperative if they wished to reach the rendezvous. Especially was Old Grizzly anxious for an undisturbed meeting. He now felt certain that Alfred Badger was a captive in the Blackfoot village, and equally sure that the young girl had sent for him to impart tidings in regard to his boy's fate.

Striking off to the right, as soon as they were clear of the timber, the two men skirted the base of the mountain where the Wild Huntress had last been seen, thence along a ravine that passed around and to the rear of the Blackfoot village.

"This ar' bully kiver," whispered Old Grizzly, as they cautiously advanced, parting the heavy chapparral with their hands, and pausing now and then to peer around in the fast gathering darkness. "Do you know edzackly whar' ther rock ar' as the lad spoke uv?" asked Grizzly, as they halted on the edge of a clear space in the valley.

"Y's. I have been there often. Two hundred yards further on, the ravine bends off to the left, running along the edge of the village a little further on. At the curve we must leave the gully and enter the heavy timber on the level above. From there a walk of five minutes will bring us to where a small stream pours over a ledge, near which is an immense boulder thickly overgrown with plants and creeping vines. That is the spot called by the Indian 'Rock by the falling waters.'

"She did, eh? Well, youngster, drive ahead, an' of you kin on'y give me sum good news uv my boyee, why—why dang it I'll do a'most envy thing fur you, an' the gal too, fur that matter. Out with it. I'm waitin', don't you see? Not that I've envy cur'osity, but I would like to hear from Alf."

"Pshaw, boyee, tain't nothin'. My friend hyar got his back up, an' kem near makin' a mistake. But, I reckin he's all right now, though."

"Silver Tongue can not leave the lodge of her father, Big Hand, the chief of the Blackfeet," said the boy.

"Can't kem, hey? Ole chief' got his eye onto her? Wal, didn't she send no word?"

"She has sent her brother, Leaping Elk, to speak her words into the ear of the Man of the Bears saved the life of Leaping Elk."

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choly face lighted up, with a glow of pleasure.

"You! you! Bessie!" and he held his hand to her.

"Tis I, Lorin," she replied, in the same low voice, as she frankly took his hand in hers. "And I've been thinking, Lorin," and her voice was scarcely above a whisper, "that I have not treated you right, for a long time—have not been kind to you. Forgive me, Lorin."

A big tear stood in her eye.

The brawny mill-man's frame shook like a leaf.

"Heaven bless you, darling Bessie!" was all the answer he made, as he bowed his head over their joined hands.

Then, they entered the mill.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TEN MINUTES TO FIVE O'CLOCK.

As the day wore away and the sun came out more brightly, Ross Raynor drew near the door of his humble home, and opening it, looked out. The air felt bracing; it sent the blood tingling through his system.

The cripple put on his overcoat, and taking his hat, secured the door behind him, and left the house. He strolled into Canal street, and took his way toward the dam. He paused, for a moment, then he crossed the bridge over the Merrimack, and striking into the Andover road, he continued briskly on.

The pure, strengthening air was like food to the boy; he sucked it in greedily. He left the city behind him and still strode on. He thought not of turning back.

When he left his home on the little street in Lawrence, it was nearly three o'clock. When he paused, as he did, near Mother Moll's, he heard a clock from a factory away back in the city, boom the hour of four.

Mother Moll sat before a table in her room; on that table stood an old-fashioned inkstand with a quill pen sticking in it. Near it lay several sheets of paper and a package of envelopes.

The old woman sat with her arms folded across her breast, and gazed steadfastly, dreamingly, at the table, at the inkstand, at the paper.

A frown wrinkled her brow, and a brooding expression rested on her face.

"Yes, 'tis coming!" she muttered, "and nothing can avert it! The vision has come twice to-day! The hour of the ending of all approaches. I distrust Arthur Ames; he knows that I have told a truthful tale! He is not safe. What will he do? I am an old woman, and a helpless one." She paused, then, after a moment, she continued:

"I'll do it! The opportunity must not go by. 'Tl go on. He, my darling boy, must know the tale! He must have what justice—"

She stopped abruptly, and suddenly seizing the pen, drove it into the ink, and drawing a sheet of paper toward her, began to write.

Old as she was, Mother Moll wielded the pen readily, and briskly it ran over the smooth page. Then, she had done. She flung the pen aside, and gazed, for several moments, at what she had written.

"'Twill do!" she muttered, as she folded the sheet, slowly and carefully, and inserted it into an envelope. She sealed the envelope and directed it, in a plain, bold script:

"She started.

"How shall he get it?" she asked. "He must have it to-day, or never! I feel it. And to-night is Minerva Ames' wedding! Oh! heavens! How shall I get it to him? Ha!" she suddenly exclaimed, as, at that moment, a rap sounded on the panel.

"Come in. Heaven be thanked! You, Ross!" and she strode briskly across the room to meet the cripple, who, at that moment, entered.

"I was somewhat tired, and called in to rest a few minutes, Mother Moll."

"Heaven has sent you, Ross," said the old woman, hastily and as if her mind was set on one idea. "But, you can not rest now. Here, Ross, is a letter for Lorin Gray. He must have it to-day, or his life and hopes will be wrecked."

She forced the letter into his hand and almost pushed him toward the door.

Suddenly, she paused.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "the vision again! Great God! 'tis the Pemberton! and my child! Hurry, fly, Ross Raynor, for now trouble, on black wings, is in the air!"

Wonderfully, fearfully, the cripple seized the letter and hurried from the house.

He had not taken ten yards when a carriage drove up, at a furious gait, and stopped by the fortune-teller's door. A man sprang out and hurried into the house.

That man was Arthur Ames. He had not noticed Ross Raynor, but the cripple had noticed him, had marked, too, the diabolical look which rested on the banker's withered face.

Instinctively he paused and glided back to the rear of the house, and placed his face to a window. A pane of glass in that window was broken. Ross Raynor saw and heard the following:

Arthur Ames burst like a whirlwind into the room. The old woman turned to meet him. He advanced upon her, his hand in his bosom.

"Now, old woman!" he hissed, "I am come to know the truth! Tell me if that drowning boy, flung in the Merrimack, lives to-day?"

The old fortune-teller reared her bent form, and while her eyes flashed, she shook her lean finger defiantly in his face, as she thundered back:

"Ay, he lives to claim his own! Ay, Arthur Ames, the boy you would have murdered—the helpless son of your dead brother Bernard—lives to-day, and this day he shall triumph over you! The stars and the hellbore—"

"You lie! and you die!" suddenly interrupted the man, as, like lightning, he sprang forward, and, drawing a pistol, placed it to his temple.

A moment, and a sharp yet deadened report rung in the room, and poor old Mother Moll, flinging her hands spasmodically in the air, fell, without a groan, to the floor.

The vengeful bullet had plowed through her brain.

Arthur Ames, for a single moment, gazed at the prostrate form before him. Then a shudder ran over his frame. But recovering himself, he sprang to the bed in the corner, hurled it on the floor, and taking a lit brand from the stove, flung it on the inflammable material.

A moment, and the flames leaped up and began to roar.

"Well done!" he muttered. "Now the evidence is closed!"

Then, horror of horrors, there came a cry:

He turned and fled, like a brow-branded murderer, from the place. Then he was in his carriage and clattering back toward the city.

Ross Raynor, stunned and stupefied at what he had seen and heard, endeavored to break into the house. But the flames which were leaping from the doors and windows drove him back.

Turning off, he receded away, shouting "fire," "murder," at the top of his voice.

He had not proceeded a quarter of a mile before he suddenly paused and shrunk back. The very ground trembled beneath his feet, and a mighty collapse of air, as if some world-rocking earthquake had passed by, smote on his ear.

Then he looked toward the city. A dense volume of dust and smoke reared itself in a huge column toward the sky.

It was in the direction of the Pemberton mill.

Ross Raynor, as he receded on, saw the broad dial of a clock. The hands pointed to ten minutes to five o'clock.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE GREAT HOLOCAUST.

LORIN GRAY left his loom and drew near Bessie's place on the floor. As he came along the "pass," it was easy to see that his face was solemn and serious.

The girl saw him approaching, and noted his sad, foreboding aspect.

They had not spoken farther that day, since the few words as they entered the mill, in the morning. Bessie's pale face crimsoned, and she bowed her head and pretended to busy herself with her frame, as she leaned down.

Lorin drew near.

"Bessie," he said, and his voice was very serious, "there is something the matter. My frame does not work well."

She looked up, in astonishment, but one of relief took its place.

"What mean you, Lorin?" she asked, in a low, sweet tone, as she gazed him trustingly in the face.

"I mean there is something the matter with the machinery," he replied, very earnestly. "I think it is too heavy for the walls. I fear something will happen. I wish it were half-past six, and we were safe at home."

As he spoke, he gazed at her strangely. Then, he glanced toward the clock, at the further end of the room.

The hands stood at fifteen minutes to five o'clock.

At that moment, Black Phil appeared on the floor.

It was the strange smile, that which played over the man's face as he walked slowly along, a smile showing a singular admixture of emotions. He bent his head and strode leisurely along the room.

Lorin Gray caught a glimpse of the sinister glance in the man's eye.

Just then, Nancy Hurd walked from behind her loom, some steps away. She carried a smoking pitcher in her hand. A smile was upon her lip. She met the man, her reputed husband, just by Bessie Raynor's frame.

Lorin Gray and the orphan girl instinctively cast their eyes upon the two.

"You, Phil! I was uneasy about you," said the woman.

"Is that so, Nancy? Thank you for remembering me. I promised you I would come. Here I am; but what's that you have in the pitcher?" he asked, suddenly.

"Good hot rum-punch, Phil, and I've saved the biggest half for you." "Tis good, drink it."

As she spoke, she held the pitcher toward him.

The man gave a quick, suspicious glance toward her, he hesitated. But, after a moment, he took the pitcher and said:

"Kind in you, Nancy; thank you."

He placed the pitcher to his lips, and drained it to the bottom.

As he handed it back to her, he started. A burning, stifling sensation hung in his throat, a film came suddenly over his eyes. Dimly he saw a smile of demoniac triumph on Nancy Hurd's face. A sudden shiver ran over him. He reeled toward her.

"Nancy Hurd, you—you—have dealt foully!"

"My God! What is this! Fly! fly, Bessie! Look, oh! Heaven protect us!"

Lorin Gray tottered, as his voice rang high above the clattering of the machinery, the bark and whirr of spindles.

He had felt the heavy floors vibrate under his feet, he had seen the yarns in Bessie Raynor's frame snap and fly toward the ceiling that ceiling groaning, creaking and gaping.

"Oh! heavens! the wild shrieks that rang, at that instant, from floor to floor through the great Pemberton mill.

"Oh! Lorin, save me, save—"

She could say no more. There was a wild crashing of timbers, a loud, deafening, groaning of cemented bricks and mortar as wide rents gaped in the wall, then, a mighty crash and a stunning, deafening roar.

Atten minutes before five o'clock on Tuesday, tenth of January, the Pemberton mill, all hands being at the time on duty, fell to the ground.

In the words of one whom the author of this romance loves for her soul-stirring, heart-touching tribute to the memory of a young boy, flung in the Merrimack, lies that moment, entered.

The old fortune-teller reared her bent form, and while her eyes flashed, she shook her lean finger defiantly in his face, as she thundered back:

"Ay, he lives to claim his own! Ay, Arthur Ames, the boy you would have murdered—the helpless son of your dead brother Bernard—lives to-day, and this day he shall triumph over you! The stars and the hellbore—"

Then they looked for the mills, one by one. "Pemberton was gone!" A great black cloud of dust rising above it in the air, mark its place and its fall.

"Pemberton has fallen!" Oh! God! the cry!

Then, horror of horrors, there came a cry:

"FIRE! FIRE! THE PEMBERTON IS ON FIRE!"

We sicken, we turn shuddering away. Let us state plain, cold fact, as written in the words of the chronicler of the holocaust.

"On the 10th of January, 1860, the Pemberton Manufacturing Company had in its employ nine hundred and eighteen persons. Of these, nearly six hundred men, women and children, were at work in the large mill where the manufacturing operations were principally carried on. At five o'clock in the afternoon, with no previous warning, almost in an instant, certainly in a space of time not exceeding one minute, the floors of this large structure, five stories in height, suddenly gave way, the walls were overthrown and stone, bricks, timber, and timbering of this enormous building tumbled to the ground. The other buildings of the company, though situated at a distance, lay in one confused mass of ruin. A few hours later a fire broke out and raged fiercely over the shapeless pile, and then, indeed, a thrill of horror ran through the stoutest heart, as the thousands, working with almost supernatural effort for the rescue of the unfortunate victims, were successively driven off by the flames, and forced to abandon friends, relatives and neighbors to their awful fate.

"The tidings flew with the speed of lightning over the land, and while here, at the scene of the disaster, every thing seemed forgotten but the care of the wounded, the burial of the dead, and the relief of the suffering families of the bereaved, the hearts of others at a distance were moved as on no other occasion, and charity with lavish hand began to pour its offerings upon our stricken community."

Bessie Raynor, far down beneath the debris of the fallen mills, her face scarred and bleeding, her dress torn, her senses reeling and bewildered, did not recover her reason until hours after, when she smelled the smoke of fire and saw the dull, red glow of the flames creeping toward her. It was nine o'clock at night.

Bessie glanced ahead of her. A wild shout from the gathered throng outside called her attention that way. She looked. She saw Lorin Gray, far ahead of her, rise, with a giant's strength, from the debris of fallen timbers. She saw him thrust the beams aside which held him down, as if they had no power to hold him.

Then his voice rang like a clarion in the air.

"Bessie! Bessie!"

It fell on her ears. Her tongue at first clove to her mouth; then it was loosened. She found utterance.

"What mean you, Lorin?"

He turned like a lion. He seized an ax near. He rolled hisses to his shoulders, baring his brawny arms for the conflict—for the battle for a life.

Another moment, and guided by that sweet, clear voice, "Here, Lorin! Here, Lorin!" he dashed over the smoking brick over the splintered timbers. He reached the spot. A giant's task was before him, but he quailed not before it. Far down under the interlocked beams he caught sight of the pale, white face of her whom he loved.

He was in reaching distance of her. A heavy girder of iron stopped him. It alone, stood between him and her, between her and life!

He moved himself for the mighty work, for the work of six men. He laid his ax aside; he leaped down into the hole he had cut. A moment, and his shoulder was against the girder.

Oh! heavens! the fearful strain. Another mighty effort; the solid girder moved another, and oh! Heaven was thanked, it slid away and fell by its own weight. In an instant he had grasped the precious burden in his arms. Another, and he had reeled away from the coming death, bearing with him the fainting form of the orphan girl.

The ax twinkled in the up-creeping glow, and its heavy blows rang over the roar and the din. On and on he worked with his lungs of leather and his muscles of iron. On and on!

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BEST OF ALL THE WEEKLIES.

Our Arm-Chair.

Editors and the Press.—An old-time correspondent, who once tuned his lyre to many a sweet song, but who has been strangely silent for years, writes thus luminously of editors and the press:

"What an egotistical set of men editors are! They fancy that they are the oracles, by Divine commission, who shall speak the words of fate to each mortal who bows at their shrine, and that they are the arbiters of our destiny."

"A great deal of influence no doubt they exert; but it seems to me, that after all, they are great egotists."

"* * * It is the newspaper editor who exerts a telling influence on the head and heart of our vast populace, not the magazine editor. He looks in only once a month, and seems like a comparative stranger—a dignified guest. We give him a place in the boudoir or parlor and put on our company smiles of leisure and decorum for a greeting. But the newspaper editor—he talks with us over our breakfast, and between the removal of the plates and the appearance of the dessert, at dinner; he drops in at tea-times with pleasant, familiar chat; he is privileged to reprove or to jest, to be merry or melancholy, but in any state of mind or feeling we love to have a word from him, and his views upon any subject are waited for and listened to attentively, always, if not always deferentially, as to a preacher."

Our correspondent is her own physician. If editors are egotists, it is because they feel the weight of responsibility resting upon them as directors of so potent an agency for good or evil, as the press. If they were not strangely individualized they would be *platitudes*. If they ceased to be fearless and independent, and permitted others' ideas to control them, the paper which they conducted would soon find it necessary to change editors. Their paper is at once their pride, their charge, their property, and what many deem to be egotism is merely the individualism of the paper asserting itself—not a feeling of superiority and indifference which are ever the accompaniments of egotism."

The Secret of Success.—A merchant who, from being a very poor boy, had risen to wealth and renown, was once asked by an intimate friend to what he attributed his success in life. "To prompt and steady obedience to my parents," was the reply. "In the midst of many bad examples of youth of my age, I was always able to yield a ready submission to the will of my father and mother, and I firmly believe that this blessing has, in consequence, rested upon me and upon all my efforts."

There you have it, boys! Obedience to those older and wiser than you, and who only labor for your welfare! Who better than a loving parent's hand can direct you right? Who so solicitous for your health, your intellectual progress, your moral development, your happiness, as the mother who bore you and the father in whose steps you are to tread? No one! Then why, even in a single act of disobedience, give them pain? Why, in any case, reject their counsel?

Think twice, boys, before you do any thing to oppose their wishes or reject their judgment; treasure down deep in your hearts this precious truth:

The secret of success is obedience to parents.

Six Cents worth of Advice.—As a happy illustration of the disagreeable people in every public resort, we have enjoyed the following:

"If you do not close that window, I shall die from the draught," said a lady, at dinner. "And if you do close it I shall die from the heat in this hot weather!" exclaimed a stouter fair lady. Then there was a giggle among the diners at the dilemma of the waiter, when a literary gentleman present said: "My good fellow, your duty is clear; close the window and kill one lady, and open it again and kill the other."

That is the way most persons feel, when

they meet these disagreeable people, whether they express their sentiments or keep silent. A car, a public promenade, an assembly, a dinner, are not proper places for petulant and selfish men and women to show off their weaknesses. Common sense would suggest for them to put on a pleasant face and a cheerful demeanor, in such situations, particularly if they want to make friends instead of enemies, and especially if they don't want the word COMMON NUISANCE pinned on to their hats. Do your growling and scowling and howling at home if you must do such things, and only go abroad when you can carry a face with you that people will be glad to see.

LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

A GREAT deal has been said on this subject; book after book has been written, introduced to and read by the public, and, in a short time, almost entirely forgotten, and consequently I can not expect that my remarks will make much impression. What I shall confine myself to will be the demoralizing effects of city life on the young of both sexes.

It has been said—and never were more truthful words spoken—that if you want to ruin a young man, give him an abundance of pocket-money and unrestrained liberty. At the age of fifteen or sixteen, boys do not consider themselves as such, but become possessed of the idea that they are full-grown men; and if they are allowed plenty of money, and can go where they choose, I can safely say that, inside of six months, what they do not know about city life is not worth knowing.

A young man's parents leave this world for a brighter and better one, and he becomes heir to a fortune. After the usual period of mourning has elapsed, he wades boldly out into the vices and follies of city life. He finds polite friends at every step, who express their willingness to show him the lions, and the "elephant." He accepts their offer, and every place of amusement, of every description, is in turn visited and revisited, until they have no charms for him. Clubs and "stag parties" come next in order, where he soon learns to drink intoxicating liquors, and after receiving their share of his attention, are discarded for the gambling-saloon, which, as a general thing, is not left until "the tiger" has been fought again and again, and the young heir finds himself penniless; and then the host of butterfly friends who clustered round him when he was wealthy, spread their pinions and soar away in search of a fresh victim. What is the consequence? If he ever, by chance, meets one of them, he suddenly remembers that he has a pressing engagement, and enters the first omnibus, for fear he will be asked for the loan of a dollar. Such was the case with a very prominent man, whose name is a household word, who was once worth from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand dollars, but, by a single frown of Dame Fortune—not by squandering his money—found himself almost penniless. While he was wealthy he was surrounded by a host of friends—as he supposed them to be; but, when he became poor, compared with his former wealth, he found himself, with a few exceptions, so-called, which, under the guise of respectability, work more ruin among young girls than all the other temptations combined. They are the medium through which young girls have, in many instances, been ruined for life. I can cite dozens of cases where innocent young girls have been lured from the right path by the often repeated, but never kept, promises of an easy life and plenty of finery, by some of the opposite sex, but found out their mistake too late, and, broken-hearted and ruined, they sought peace and rest from the scornful glances and whisperings of a pitiless world beneath the cold and cruel waters of the Hudson or the East river. Cases similar to the above are one of the evils that no civilized community has yet been able to eradicate. Various attempts have been made to prevent it, and this seems to have been the utmost that has been accomplished.

The above is no fanciful picture, drawn from the imagination, but a terrible one of real life. Men and women, no matter to what class of society they belong, have the remedy for this evil in their own hands. They have a right, and they ought to exercise more control over their children. To brief, their control ought to cease only when their children are married and settled for life, or have taken their departure to a better world, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

JAMES B. HENLEY.

fully, "There is a friend of mine," who, being a friend in need, is a friend indeed. New York city is what might be called a world within a world—in fact, a second London or Paris; and few indeed are those who can escape the numerous vices and pitfalls spread for the innocent and unsuspecting, some of which are disguised so skillfully that they do not appear as such; but a great many, by the use of their knowledge of right and wrong, and a sort of natural instinct, are able to avoid these things, and, consequently, remain pure and happy. Of such I will say a few words.

Young men, carefully reared by sensible parents, the vices and follies of city life pointed out to them, who have a high sense of honor, with a will and mind of their own, who, when asked to indulge in any thing they know is not right and honorable, can say "No," are some of the above-mentioned class.

There are some who will not learn by friendly advice or teaching, but must learn by sad and bitter experience. They begin by saying, "Thus far will I go, and no further," but, they find, on striving to reform, that they have gone too far already, and, after a few weak efforts, they give up in despair, and find themselves "played out." This is a slang phrase, but how significant! There are many "played out" boys in New York city, almost all of whom started in life with more or less talents favorable for making men of them, but, by bad habits, have ruined themselves. Such are to be pitied, and not despised, for their weakness.

To a young man, in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bed-time, for the moon and stars see more evil in a single hour than the sun in a whole day's circuit.

Who can deny that New York City, with all her charitable institutions and virtues, is not a hot-bed of vice and crime, in which, alas, too many have been educated? If an investigation was to be made, it would be found that a majority of its pupils have been brought there by their foolish use of money, or by doing as they "choosed."

I do not wish it to be understood that I am railing against harmless amusements, such as attending a concert or a theater occasionally, but they do not stop here; they go on, step by step, until, sooner or later, they find themselves hopelessly involved in crime and misery.

I will now say a word in regard to the effects of city life on the female portion of the community. A desire and a love for dress, and inability to procure it, is the real, though indirect, cause of the downfall and ruin of many promising young girls—girls who, had they not been left to the tender mercies of a cold and unfeeling world, might have become honored and useful members of society.

The temptations that surround young girls, in a crime-cursed city like New York, are numerous, and not easy of perception, except to the eyes of experienced persons. Let any person walk through certain streets in this city, at certain times, and see if there are no temptations in the paths of the young! One of these temptations is the supper-rooms—restaurants for ladies—so called, which, under the guise of respectability, work more ruin among young girls than all the other temptations combined. They are the medium through which young girls have, in many instances, been ruined for life. I can cite dozens of cases where innocent young girls have been lured from the right path by the often repeated, but never kept, promises of an easy life and plenty of finery, by some of the opposite sex, but found out their mistake too late, and, broken-hearted and ruined, they sought peace and rest from the scornful glances and whisperings of a pitiless world beneath the cold and cruel waters of the Hudson or the East river. Cases similar to the above are one of the evils that no civilized community has yet been able to eradicate. Various attempts have been made to prevent it, and this seems to have been the utmost that has been accomplished.

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JAMES B. HENLEY.

TWO SIGNS.

"No admittance except on business." That means just exactly what it says. It implies that you are not to go into an editor's office and ramble over his exchanges and take up his valuable time, unless you have something very important to communicate. It infers that you're not to go into your neighbor's house at unreasonable times, and detain the good housewife from her work by talking of things of no interest to her, and keeping her from getting her husband's meals. It means that you must not go into the factories to chatter with the workers, thus making them lose half a day's pay for the idling caused by you. It is intended to inform you that your presence is not needed behind the scenes of a theater, unless you are engaged there. Actors and actresses' time is as valuable as any other person's. It's a sign that you're not wanted by them, but it is the business of every man to attend the engineer's stand or a train of cars, nor in the pilot's room on board of a steamer. Were you to enter into a conversation, the engineer or pilot might forget his duties, and loss of life be the result. It means that you must not pry into the secrets of the poor, unless it is your intention to relieve them, but it is the business of every man to aid his weaker brother, if it is a possible thing to do so. The sign means that you should not enter the house of God to notice other persons' faults. Your business there is to pray for pardon for your own sins. By carefully examining your conscience you will find that you are not exempt from them.

"No money taken at the door." Another good sign, and meant to make less temptation as regards the honesty of the doorkeeper; but, what a subject for the moralist! He would tell you that there is a door leading to heaven, but your riches will not be the means of getting there. You may delve and dig for ore; you may toil early and late to possess yourself of money, but, if you do not make the right use of it here, how can you look for a reward hereafter? What is the use of sitting at home, dressed in your silks, and thumping on the piano,

"Save the boy," if you don't stretch forth your hand to save him?

You may have your coffin lined with silks and satins, have the rarest of flowers strewed upon your grave, but you'll not go straighter to heaven for it all. You can not gain a place there on the strength of your money. It is what you have done with your riches, and not how much you were worth in dollars, which will be weighed in the balance. Some people seem to have an idea that there will be two kinds of a heaven hereafter—one for the rich and another for the poor. There is much fear of their being mistaken in that.

We are here only to prepare ourselves for a purer and better life, and it lies with ourselves whether we improve our chances or not. Is it not, then, our duty to do what good we can with the amount God has entrusted us with? We must do it while here, for there will be "no money taken at the door."

F. S. F.

Foolscap Papers.

The Wandering Jew.

This gentleman was a Hebrew Jew (he bought and sold second-hand clothes in the city of Jev-rusalem,) who was doomed, for refusing a cup of water to the Savior of men, to remain on the earth till the second advent—a doom which would have been very *adventurous* to him if he had very much business to attend to, and wanted a long time to do it in; and I am inclined to believe that he has put in his time very well, for I have seen him continually roaming up and down the earth with a pack on his back, and I don't think there is an hour in the day but I see him, and frequently three or four of him, weary and dusty, and bending beneath his weight of "sheep" goods.

I have seen him stalk perspiring up to my neighbor's door and batter it with a club which he carries seemingly for a cane, but in reality to batter front doors with; and I have also seen the good, frightened little housewife drop her needle and noiselessly steal into the hall on tiptoe, and silently and tremblingly turn the catch on the lock, knowing it was our inevitable wanderer, and inwardly congratulating herself upon her escape, until she saw him boldly march in the back door, without knocking at all, and set his bundle down on the floor, and the poor little creature, to get rid of him, would be compelled to buy every thing that she didn't need, and nothing she did.

Often has he pursued his solitary way to my house. He has beaten me to the front door, got in before I had a chance to lock it. He has opened his valise and exposed to my wondering eyes *spectacles*. Then he has looked into my eyes, which I consider good, and said: "You can't see far away any petticoat at closer together. Some dimmings can't see nodding far away, just so; can't read vine print mouch after dark, I don't guess, and sometimes ven you look sat sometimings you dinks you sees nodings." (I admit to him that I often look at my money and see very little.) "und a bear of dish spectacles makes your eyesh all right in a little while again, a'ready, don't it?"

He has stood and worked half an hour to get my gate open, (which I had fastened when I saw him going into my neighbor's,) while I was standing at my window ordering him away, but that didn't stop him; he only worked harder at the gate, and said:

"Dis isch nicer dings dan ever you did saw; sheep too;" then I would tell him to light out, but he would only say, as he worked at the gate: "You wouder nefer git of it if I wouz to go avay mitout gittin' you to see dis dings." Then he kept on saying that over without minding what I said, and then scaled the fence, took me by storm, and opened the biggest load of jewelry I ever saw, all of nice and clean because it had just been washed, and most of it would actually wear a day and a half fully before it would turn to brass; hypocritical watch-chess that a box of pills wouldn't move—that their own patent levers couldn't budge, with brass chains plated with brass and similar productions of the house of Jeved-ah.

He will never die.

He has stalked in before I was expecting him, leaned his staff against the wall, put his old battered hat, that he bought when he first set out on his wanderings, upon the mantel-piece, said it was a "fairy fine day," got down upon his knees, unpacked his bundle and spread out before my eyes his table-covers, which had been unfolded so often they were actually worn out, and if they were dear at any price they were cheap at no price, with all his suspenders thrown in.

He has compelled me to praise his goods when I had moral courage enough not to buy them, and I will remark here, in his eternal favor, that he never has left my door, however badly he has been treated, without a smile and a pleasant good-day, for the simple reason that he expected to call again with something else.

I have seen him edging into a house when a funeral was crowding out, for nothing daunts him.

As I have passed him in his long, weary journey of life, he has frequently bumped me off the sidewalk with the most philosophical indifference, and I have turned to kick him for his pains, but desisted when I saw that, if I would make a justified attempt, I would only bestow it upon his bundle, for he was completely hidden from eye and shielded from foot by the said burthen of life, and looked like a mythological Mitchell's atlas with the world on its back.

I have often remarked with what stoical fortitude he treads on the little children's toes, and knocks peanut stands over, and how cheerfully he takes dish-water, and receives cloth-dishes and such other discouragements in material shapes, for they all seem immaterial to him.

You can't scare him with a bulldog, for I have frequently loaded a dog to the muzzle, and then discharged him at our Wanderer, but without effect. Dogs won't bite him.

Let me close with the language of the poet:

"Days, months, years and ages shall circle away,
And still his great pack of cheap goods he'll unroll;
Earth shall lose not thy *patterns* forever and aye,
Oh, Abraham, Abraham, peace to thy sole!"

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Good health is the clear blue sky of the soul on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face; a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like a lute in a full concert of instruments, a sound not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the concord with its deep melody.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned

FORSAKEN.

BY EDWARD JAMESON.

I know that I love him, though my lips should deny,
And say that his presence is baneful when nigh;
That each look and each tone, though they thrill my
sad heart,

Affect me no more than some comedy's part—

Just ripple the surface of my being's lake,
Wherever glide shadows borne onward by fate;

Whose smooth silver surface would never disclose

The swift, surging current which under it flows.

Yea, though I die for it! he never shall know

All the pain and the anguish of bitterness were

Which his falsehood, his cruelty wrought in my soul,

When he left me so coldly at Love's sunning goal—

Toward each, hand in hand, we had journeyed

Along,

When our skies were all sunshine, and gladness, and

song,

When the earth shone with beauty as never before,

And afar brightly beamed the lights from Love's

shore.

Can I ever forgive him for blasting my life?

And how often he calls his beloved, his wife?

Though the grave yawn beneath me, so dark and so cold,

Can I not forget till myself it unfold.

But canker-like, wearing my frail life away,

Is the love which I bore him, and bear him to-day;

It drops up my life-springs; it will not depart;

And slowly, but surely, 'tis breaking my heart.

In the Wilderness.

VI.—FIRE-HUNTING.

The season of deer-hunting had come, and Viator, with Scribbler and the student, now as keen a woodsman as the others, and a dead shot, were out upon the lakes. Old Ben was in his place as guide, but the versatile 'Gustus' had not thought fit to be with the party. Six weeks' tramp with four such men had disgusted him with the woodsmen's life, and he had returned to the city and his usual vocations in loafing, billiards, moat and flirtation.

The lake was beautiful that night. The somber pines hung low about the sedgy banks, and the cry of the loon and diver sounded with startling distinctness from the dark water. The canoes pushed out from the shore, each with its jack-light in the bow, with the screen in front to hide the hunters from the game. As usual Ben took the student in his boat, and instructed him in what was to him a new mode of hunting. The canoes swept silently onward beside the banks, while keen eyes scanned the shore for signs of game. Suddenly the paddle of old Ben rested, and he touched the student on the shoulder and pointed to the shore. The quick eyes of the hunter saw what appeared to be two small balls of fire suspended in the air, under the branches to the left. He had before received his instructions, and took up his rifle which lay in the hollow of his arm, and rising cautiously to his knee, the piece dropped into the hollow of his hand, came slowly to the shoulder and exploded. There was a confused sound, as of the fall and struggle of a heavy body, and, with a whoop of delight at the success of his *protege*, the old guide headed for the shore, followed immediately by the other canoe.

"Keep back there," cried old Ben, as the student sprang unarmed to the shore. "You don't know what a wounded buck is as well as I do."

Pushing the young hunter aside, he snatched up a blazing brand in his left hand and drew his hunting-knife. No need of any such precaution. The bullet had passed through the brain, and there, extended upon the green shore, lay the first buck of the season, his beautiful eyes dim in death, and the blood welling from the jagged hole in his forehead, made by the bullet, from the deadly twisted bore. The student looked with a sort of compassionate sadness, not unmixed with delight, at this first trophy of his skill, while Ben, stooping, plunged his knife into the throat of the deer.

"Hunter law," he said. "The man who kills the first buck must have the hunter's mark."

He dipped his finger in the flowing blood and streaked the forehead of the successful hunter with it, while the rest looked on laughing.

"You need not laugh, Scribbler," said the student. "No Indian was ever prouder of his war-paint than I of this bloody badge. Shall we push on?"

"I think we had better separate, square," said Ben. "You take south and we'll take the north. It don't give you half so good a chance when we go first. My chap hairy will pick up all the game. And look hairy; that will scrubber back and don't let him rush in on a wounded buck and git his head kicked off. That would spile his book-writing in I, rattyther guess."

Let us follow the fortunes of Viator. He turned his canoe to the south and moved steadily along the shore, until he saw four shining eyeballs gazing curiously at him from the bank. There is something inexplicable in the interest which the deer takes in a fire at night, and where no alarm is given, they will stand gazing at it until the fatal shot lays them low. Here were two, and Viator whispered to Scribbler to take the lower one. The rifles were lifted and cracked at the same moment. The one at which Viator fired fell with a crash upon the leaves, but the other, wild with the pain of his wound, bounded madly forward and sprang into the water, swimming vigorously out into the lake.

"Take a paddle, Scribbler," roared Viator. "Hurrah! we'll have him now."

The paddles dropped into the water, but the deer had already put fifty yards between himself and the boat, and only those who have tried it know how a deer can swim, when maddened by fear. He breasted the miniature waves of the lake gallantly, keeping well in advance, although the two pursuers were skillful paddlers. He was just in the line of light thrown by the jack-fire, and it was only by the most strenuous efforts that they gained upon him inch by inch. Snorting in fear, and leaping half way out of the water at every stroke, the deer swam on, his huge antlers resting on his shoulders, and the blood from the wound in his neck dying the water about him.

"Bind your back, Scribbler," shouted Viator. "Don't let him gain on us. Hurrah! this is something like living."

Scribbler "bent his back," or at least he thought he did. They were gaining now slowly but surely, and the buck knew it as well as they; and his efforts to escape were wonderful. Though struggling against hope he dashed on with untiring strength, with his eyes fixed upon the island in front toward which he was making his way. Viator saw that the race was nearly over, and that the deer must soon come within reach of their paddles. Suddenly, with the desperation which sometimes makes a timid animal brave, he turned upon them, just as the pad-

dle of Scribbler was lifted above his head. The blow fell upon the water and the buck, with a mighty effort, threw his forefoot over the gunwale of the canoe, and the water poured in. The men had just time to save their guns when they were struggling in the water. Scribbler laid hold of the canoe, but Viator, incensed by the accident, dealt the animal a blow with the blade of his paddle which ended the struggle as far as the deer was concerned.

"Have you lost your gun, Scrib?" said Viator, swimming up to the canoe.

"No; I hung on to that, but the canoe is full of water."

"Take my gun," said the older hunter, "and put it in the rack. Never mind the water. We will have to dry them anyhow. Put your own gun with it and find the deer."

Lucky the bailer had not fallen out, and by its help they lightened the canoe enough so that the lighter of the two men could get in, and he quickly threw out the rest of the water. There was still a little fire in the pan, and they had a supply of fat pine, upon which water has little effect, and the fire was soon blazing merrily. Viator now climbed in over the stern, and fastening a rope about the antlers of the deer they made for the shore at the point where they had found the game. Here they landed and found that Viator's shot had been fatal to the doe, which lay dead upon the bank. They hurriedly stripped and poured the water out of their boots, wrung out their coats and waistcoats, dried their guns and were off again upon the water, in nowise disconcerted by their involuntary bath. The buck they had chased was a noble fellow, larger than the one shot by the student, bearing the antlers of a six-year-old. For hours the two canoes crept along the shores and met at last upon the eastern bank. Both had done nobly, and when they collected the game at morning five does and four bucks were extended upon the grassy sward.

He's well up to such by-play. Do you stay here long?"

"All the summer, I hope. Every thing is so new to me that the time in prospective seems limited enough."

The rosy glow had dwindled low in the western sky. The purple haze of early twilight brooded softly over the distant view. Already the crowd upon the beach began to thin. Philip threw a light shawl he carried about his companion's shoulders.

"It is growing chill," he said. "I brought that for Natalie, but she is already provided for."

After that they walked slowly back and forth along the level sands, he telling her of the beautiful nights he had seen beneath foreign skies, she listening and leading him on to other themes by her few appreciative words.

The dusk settled thick about them, pierced by the stars which glimmered down like tiny points of golden light. The tolling of a distant bell brought them out of their self-absorption; the hotel was all aglow with light, and the faint echo of music was wafted out.

Lora took herself to task when she stood in her own room, hastily smoothing out her damp hair, and knotting a fresh ribbon at her throat.

"It is not like me to be so forgetful," she thought. "I hope Jasper has not missed me."

Her mind was set at rest on that score, ere long.

Going down into the parlors, she found Dane there with Miss Atherton. He did not observe her at first, but after a time, caught sight of her and came toward her.

"Did you expect me to bring you down, Lora? We were out in the boat, Natalie and I, and were later than we meant. Are you enjoying yourself, little one?"

"Very much," she said, and Jasper, contented in the conviction that his duty to his betrothed was satisfactorily performed, went back to Natalie's side. After all, he had known nothing of the protracted stroll in the dusky night, with the murmur of the sea sounding an accompaniment to their low-voiced thoughts.

The days flew by with the swiftness which marks only happy hours. Miss Atherton took a fancy to Lora, and indulging it to the unreasoning extent which she accorded her caprices, the two were seldom apart. It may have been this fact which blinded Lora for so long to Jasper Dane's decided interest in Natalie; or it may have been that the new happiness whose origin was yet unacknowledged in her own heart, made her less sensitive of his changed manner toward herself.

The knowledge came to her by means of an episode which threatened to bring this idyl a season to a tragical finis.

Natalie and Lora had been wandering along the coast, and tempted on by unique specimens of shell and sea-weed, clambered far out over the rocks left bare by the receding tide. They sat down in a pleasant nook to rest and arrange their treasures, and unthinkingly lingered there. When they attempted to return they found retreat shut off by the incoming waters.

Points of black rock stood up here and there, and at a little distance a ledge rising higher than the rest seemed to promise a pathway to the shore. Lora drew her companion's attention to this.

"If we can only reach it," she said, "we will be safe. Come, Natalie, we must risk any chance. To stay here is certain death."

But Natalie shrunk back, cowering with terror.

"I can not. I am dizzy now—I should fall between the rocks. Oh, Lora, this is dreadful, to be closed in on all sides by the cruel waters; but surely, we shall not die. Surely, they will search for us—save us!"

Lora, noting how swiftly the water rose about them, knew the danger of waiting for tardy assistance, yet had not the heart to leave this pitiful appeal.

"I trust so, Natalie," she replied, affecting a hopelessness she did not feel. "But, lest no one should come, I shall try and reach the shore and send aid to you."

But, Natalie clung to her, begging that she should not be left there alone; and every moment of time consumed was lessening their chance of escape. Lora put away her clinging hands, telling her in decisive words the truth of their danger. It was an isolated spot, where no one might pass for hours to come, and it was most unlikely that their absence-of-daily occurrence would awaken misgivings. Their one reliable hope depended upon her reaching the shore.

Convinced, Natalie let her go, wailing pitifully at her own hard fate. Selecting her with greatest care, springing from rock to rock, Lora approached the ledge. Then, almost there, she stood still, the bitterness of despair for the first time forcing itself to be felt. A space of smooth water, which her feeble strength could not overlap, stretched before her. Slowly, she turned and made her way back to the spot she had left.

Her white face silenced Natalie's plaints, and the latter cowered down upon the rock almost senseless with terror.

The waves lapped up the sides of their temporary refuge, the shadows on the shore lying so mockingly near lengthened, and the minutes were away freighted with a burden of wordless agony.

Then Natalie sprung up with a glad cry, stretching her hands toward the rocks.

"Jasper, oh! Jasper, save me!"

Lora looked to see Jasper Dane, and to hear his cry:

"Great heavens, Natalie!"

No word and no thought for her, he betrayed, at that moment. She knew then how utterly his heart had grown away from her. A wave broke over the rock upon which they stood, Lora leaned over the ledge of rocks, wringing his hands in helpless agony. Lora knew their fate then. He could not swim, and before other aid could be procured the water would have swept them from their uncertain foot-hold.

Then a man came leaping down to the water's edge, and all at once the peace of security fell upon Lora. It was Philip Hampton, whose strong arm buoyed them up over the treacherous surface, which would have rippled as placidly had their dead faces been concealed underneath it.

Jasper met them with outstretched arms that clasped Natalie in their close embrace, while he wept tears of thankfulness over her.

"Are you a physiognomist? What do you think of my cousin Natalie, then?"

"Your cousin? You are so unlike."

"I have West Indian blood in my veins, and she is wholly Northern. Is that an evasion of my inquiry?"

"I don't pretend to read any one's nature by his countenance. If the two were always found to correspond, Miss Atherton would certainly possess a beautiful soul."

"A neat bit of compliment. Fairer than Dane is turning her now, I wager, though

he's well up to such by-play. Do you stay here long?"

"All the summer, I hope. Every thing is so new to me that the time in prospective seems limited enough."

"You know it now," he said. "Is the truth very bitter, Lora? I would give my own life could it spare you unhappiness."

She looked up at him bravely, not without betraying some pain from the fresh wound which her pride more than her heart had received.

"I shall be glad of this some day," she said. "Just now, you must bear with my weakness. I am hurt, but not crushed."

His hand closed over hers with a painful pressure.

"Lora, little Lora, will you let me help you? I love you as he never could."

And afterward, when she had probed her wound and tested her endurance, she knew that the heart she had won was by far more precious to her than the one lost to her had ever been.

The Black Crescent:
OR,
COALS AND ASHES OF LIFE.
A MASKED MYSTERY OF BALTIMORE.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "RALPH HAMON, THE CHEMIST," "THE WARNING ARROW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"FATHER," said Eola, in a calm, stern voice, "what has transpired this afternoon, besides being an insult to me, is wrapped in such mystery that I have a right to ask explanation. You forgot what I have undergone. You do not realize the magnitude of my injury. The rights of woman, the bonds of delicacy, etiquette, honor—all have been outraged by that miserable man, in his unaccountable language! How did he dare speak to you as he did?"

Her mind was set at rest on that score, ere long.

Going down into the parlors, she found Dane there with Miss Atherton. He did not observe her at first, but after a time, caught sight of her and came toward her.

"Did you expect me to bring you down, Lora? We were out in the boat, Natalie and I, and were later than we meant. Are you enjoying yourself, little one?"

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"I'd give me in, tell me what he meant by the Black Crescent?"

"Eola! Eola!"

"Ay, you are *in his power!* How? In what way? Speak; I must, I *will* know!"

Her lovely face was aglow, her blue eyes were unusually brilliant, and the lips compressed together firmly, when she concluded her forcible speech.

"Not now," he said, striving to soothe her.

"More," she continued, growing warmer in her resolution to untangle the web which confused her; "tell me what he meant by the Black Crescent?"

Blake's hand was in the breast-pocket of his antagonist. In another second, he drew out a pocket-book. The murderous fist descended—glanced, and spent its force on the bricks.

A cry of pain, a curse was upon Brett's lips, while he received a blow from behind, which felled him senseless.

Wat Blake gained his feet in time to see figure No. 4 knock down figure No. 3; and then, with the long, lanky individual beside him, he dashed away, down Pratt street.

"Who are you?" he asked, as they neared a gas lamp.

The light just then fell upon his companion's face, and he exclaimed:

"Christopher Crewly!"

"That's me! All the way from Richmond by telegraph! How are you, Wat Blake?—and how's your sister?"

CHAPTER XIV.

OFF FOR THE CAPITOL.

FORDE's agitation increased as Eola held her bared arm aloft, and exposed the crescent, pricked in India ink, upon the pure skin.

He had succeeded thus far in evading his child whenever she sought explanation of the mystery which seemed suddenly to have shrouded their house; but, in the present instance, he marked her resolute demeanor with no steady glance, and appeared unable, for a few seconds, to articulate.

With her fair forehead wrinkled slightly in a frown, and an expression of feature that told him excuses were no longer available, she stood. Her air was one of command, a mien of grace that combined the majesty of unswervable resolution; and her father, the man about whom there existed such mysterious and unfathomable atmospheres, was lost to speech.

"Once more, I bid you tell me all!" she said, and her voice was now of a low, peculiar tone. "Your strange actions have driven from me the only man I ever loved, or will love! Your inexplicable helplessness has submitted me to grossest insults—me, your child! And I, in the name of the honor of the Forde's, demand a reason for this singular play. Tell me, sir!"

This spirit in Eola was new to Forde. It was the first exhibition of the woman in the beauteous fairy, who had always seemed to him simply a loving, obedient, careless girl. But her dignity had suffered; her heart was torn.

"Eola, go—leave me now, that I may calm myself. If you heard our conversation, then you know how greatly I am unsettled. I can not speak, at present, all that is weighing upon my mind."

"You will not?"

"Will not, if you choose. But I promise you—"

"You have promised before," she interrupted, with a scarce perceptible sarcasm; "and yet those promises are not kept."

He felt the rebuke; for the sincerity of his tone, when he spoke again, showed that the force of her words was not lost.

"This time, my child, you shall not charge me with neglect. This promise will be kept."

"You promise to tell me all?"

"Yes. You know not what burdens me—it's overwhelming weight. Oh! my child, I am not as you see me for nothing! If you only knew! If you only knew!"

The aged head bowed; the worn eyes filled with tears. She was touched by his voice, by his bent and tottering frame.

Her spirit softened, and all the warm solicitude of a child for its parent asserted supremacy in her bosom.

"Father! Father! I have spoken too harshly. Forgive me! But, oh! you do not know what a trial has been mine, or you would not blame me. It is but just that I should ask what I have—know it is. I will not forget myself again; but tell me—tell me for Heaven's sake! or my poor heart will burst!" She threw her arms around his neck, and kissed the haggard cheek.

"I promise to tell you, Eola, you shall know all," he said, folding her gently to him. "But wait—wait until to-morrow or next day. You shall hear why I am so trampled upon, why so weak and helpless. I already feel that I must unburden to some one. I can no longer stand without support in my dreadful misery. I know you will be a comforter—will you not, my child?"

"Oh! yes, yes; I'll do anything I can, dear father; only tell me—tell me what this means!"

"You shall know."

"Your promise is sacred now?"

"Yes."

"Then I will forget it, for a while, in other things I have to say. That wretched Haxon, is coming again to-morrow!"

"Yes, he will be here. O—h! how I hate him. I could—"

"Slu! Remember, you are but a man; and God is ever watchful of the weak and oppressed, to judge and punish their persecutors. You will tell me, too, what power this is that Haxon has over you?"

"I said you should know all," and he spoke earnestly.

"Then, to what I was going to say: he is coming to-morrow, and will expect to find me agreeable to his wishes, resigned to becoming his wife. But he will be disappointed. I intend leaving Baltimore."

He looked at her, inquiringly.

"And you must leave, too," she added. "We'll both say adieu to Baltimore to-night!"

"No!" he whispered, fearfully; "we can not do that! He would bound upon our track, hunt us down, and finally pounce upon me, like a falcon on its prey! He would destroy me! It would send me to my grave! And you—you, my child—God only knows what you might suffer at his hands!"

"And is there no law to chain such a villain?"

"Do not speak of the law!" he half interrupted. "The law is my enemy!"

"Your enemy!" and she gazed at him, in surprise.

"There, there; don't push me further."

She appeared to revolve something in her mind, for a moment; and then, lifting her eyes to his, she said:

"Father, we must go!"

"No!"

"But, listen. If I am here, I will be again subjected to Haxon's insolence—and I will not put up with it!"

"For my sake, Eola, consider that if you—"

"I am not so sure that it can benefit you to have me marry this man."

"If you do not, then I am ruined!"

Friends will desert me; the world will—"

upon me! I shall be pointed at, and hissed, wherever I go! Haxon is merciless; and he can bring this about."

Though her astonishment was great, she said promptly:

"Then we will retire from the world together, dear father! There are many little paradises, hid from the knowledge of those who call themselves 'friends,' but frown upon one whose fortune lasts not forever—and to one of these happy bowers we'll go. Can we not be contented in solitude, with each other's love? Disgrace—if that is what you mean—is nothing, compared to marriage with Harold Haxon! And I am sure Austin Bur—"

"Don't mention him! Forget him. He can never be any thing to you!"

She saw that allusion to her lover invariably threw her father into a state depicting fear in every outline of feature; and, though it was upon her lips to say that Austin was, and ever would be, her prince among men, his love her greatest happiness, her heart his own—she refrained, substituting:

"But, think of what I say. If there is disgrace to be met, let us meet it. Do not ask me to exchange marriage vows with Harold Haxon; for I never, never, never will!"

Hardeen Forde did think, and seriously. Her words had given rise to thoughts which trained through his mind like masses of fire. That fire of reviving self.

His veins were thrilling with a new warmth as he weighed the assuring utterances of those ripe lips; and, looking into the blue eyes that beamed so tenderly upon him, he felt that his child was more than child, delicate of form and weak of muscle though she was—a sustaining prop, a comforter, counselor, one who could smooth the thorn of barrenness, and woe, until bright flowers should color the new-made soil with hues of joy.

All this he thought upon; and his form straightened, the weary eyes kindled to brightness, he smiled as he had not smiled for days.

"Be it so!" he said, at last. "We will fly! Then, if the worst comes, Eola, you will stand by me?—you will not desert me in the clouds that are sure to come?"

"I'll never desert you!" she replied, fervently. "Your sorrows shall be mine!—your trials shall be my battles!—and if even the miseries of woe are dispelled, and happiness is restored, then I will share that, too; for I am your child, and nothing—noting can separate us!"

"Noble girl!" he cried, kissing again and again, the lips that moulded those words. "God give me strength, now! I will stand by you. I will defend Harold Haxon, and his power! It is fixed—we will fly!"

"I am so glad to hear you talk like that!"

"I am so glad to hear you talk like that! You are yourself again. Now, shall we ride out? You need fresh air!"

"Yes; any thing."

She bounded away with a light heart.

Forde ascended to his library, where he found faithful James still at his watch.

"James, order my carriage. I will remain here until you return."

"Yes, sir."

Forde's manner struck the serving man,

as considerably altered since morning.

When the open carriage was driven round, Eola was ready, and she and her father were soon being borne, at leisure speed, toward Didal Hill Park.

The beauty of the day, and Eola's constant, merry chat, wrought great changes in Forde. Involuntarily, he found himself joining in her lively humor, and the fair girl applied herself assiduously to her favor.

At half past seven o'clock that evening, they were again seated in the carriage and being driven to the Camden station, where they intended taking the 8:30 train for Washington!

And why to Washington? There the admirable girl had hit upon a plan to divert her father.

The carnival!—that would call his attention from his troubles. And so they numbered two, among the thousands, who were pouring toward the National Capital, to witness the great *fete-champêtre*.

There were only two small trunks accompanying them; the rest of their baggage had been shipped to Philadelphia, in the afternoon, by the reliable James.

James, also, had a tiny perfumed note in his keeping, directed to Austin Burns.

In due time the cars were steaming away from Baltimore, and, with their departure, Forde vented a long-drawn sigh of relief.

Harold Haxon's prey was slipping away from him.

CHAPTER XV.

CHRISTOPHER CREWLY ON THE CARPET.

WAT BLAKE and the eccentric individual with the umbrella, were old acquaintances, as was plainly indicated in the hearty shake of hands which followed the latter's salutation.

"How long have you been in town, Crewly?" asked Blake, as they continued down Pratt street at a rapid pace.

"This morning. All the way from Richmond by telegraph. Got your sister's letter a week ago—guess those rascals feel sore!"

"How did you happen so opportunely on the scene, just now?"

"Made up my mind to walk from one end to the other, of every street in the city. And if I didn't find you then—um! I'd have advertised. Just finished up Baltimore street, and was hunting for a night's lodgings. Your sister said, come with a jump—so I did; brought no baggage but a carpet-bag, and some scamp stoled that at the depot; had this shirt on four days, etc., etc."

"Were there no directions in my sister's letter?"

"Yes, a large one—Baltimore! Um! fear I've broken my umbrella over the dog."

And he examined the article in question, with an air of anxiety. He appeared to set great value on it, and presently expressed satisfaction at finding it uninjured.

"I know sister will be glad to see you, Mr. Crewly."

"Chris. Crewly, without the prefix.

Ahem! yes, no doubt of it! Are you going to pull in your lick right away?"

"Yes, we shall strike now!"

"Been to see Forde yet?"

"Yes, and I'll him for both the certificate and the *certificat*."

"So. Well?"

Blake exchanged a few words with his sister, while Crewly was thus engaged, and she presently turned to him, saying:

"I've found my child, Mr. Crewly."

Again his limb served him as a pivot, for he faced her with astonishing suddenness, and exclaimed:

"He was willing to give me the certificate—"

"And you took it?"

"No—"

"Jackass!" interrupted Crewly in a tone of disgust.

"I wanted the crescent, too; and would not take om without the other—"

"Ninny! why didn't you grab at the chance? Um! Ain't like me—take what you get, keep what you've got and get more. See? Cardinal points of life, nowadays, my dear sir. Bad management—very bad. Tell him I was alive?"

"It's a long story, and the hour is late," said Blake, who had been advised during the afternoon of Marian's presence in the house.

"Sister will tell you, some other time. She must be tired now, having had no sleep for over thirty hours."

"Yes, Wat, I am tired. Had you not better call Mrs. Lemer?"

The old lady was summoned. Her first words were inquiries after the condition of Austin Burns.

"Well now, there!" she exclaimed, when informed that another room was wanted;

"what on earth'll I do! Rooms is scarce—"

"Not a particle of difference, madam," inserted Crewly, with a spasmodic breath:

"Just show me a straw wash-boiler, and I'll curl up in that—ahem!"

"Oh! I know!" added she; "if that darlin' little angel of a critter's a-goin' to sleep with you, Mrs. Wernich; why, then, Mr.—Mr.—what's your name?"

"Chris. Crewly, LL. D." said the young man.

"Ahem! I know!" said he, smiling. "All the way from Richmond by telegraph. Lost my pocket-book on the piano. Yours sake?"

"Law's sake! Did I ever! Why, you do talk just like a foamin' tea-kettle. But come on, I'll show you the way."

Christopher Crewly, LL. D., not pleased with her comparison, straightened himself up and elevated his nose as he followed after her.

The door was hardly closed, when he pushed it open again, and strode back for his hat and umbrella.

"Excuse me," he said. "Can't leave these behind, you know. Ahem! Good-night."

"Good-night," and he was gone.

Wat Blake relieved his sister of her watch, and she retired.

Marian was slumbering sweetly when she entered the room—wandering through the Elysian fields of dreamland.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 80.)

"Found her!"

"Yes."

"Certain it's Ora?"

"Yes."

"Where's she?"

</div

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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He spaniel, playing with him as he went along. Suddenly a pistol-shot was fired, and with a loud shriek, Lucy fell.

"The assassin! the assassin!" roared the lover, and the youngest brother, understanding his meaning, bounded into the coupe, and, guided by the dog, soon came up with the murderer, whom, after a desperate struggle, he captured.

It was Harry Greames.

The pistol had been fired at the young officer, but by a sudden movement of Lucy, the ball struck her shoulder. She had thrown herself forward to shield the man she loved from the villain's attempt.

As the wound was slight, an Admiralty order was easily obtained, discharging Harry Greames, and reducing him, as a common sailor, and before the mast for five years, without permission to go ashore, or communicate with the land.

The lovers were married, and at the end of the honey-moon, they were about to part, when the eldest brother of Lucy's husband died; and, as a midshipman with twelve thousand a year was incompatible with the rules of the service and articles of war, the young lieutenant resigned. No doubt the young wife supplied the more cogent arguments; but at all events, before a year was out, the husband of Lucy Luscombe was a father and a baronet, the fine old gentleman soon following his eldest son.

The youthful heir was two years of age, when, sad to say, his mother died, leaving the ex-lieutenant a broken-hearted man, even to the extent of refusing to see his child, which was put out to reside with a favorite nurse.

When the child was three years of age, the younger brother was at home, trying by his society to cheer the head of the house. He was, however, very gloomy, and moped about as one who cared not for existence.

Then came a mysterious letter from Greames, full of expressions of repentance, and asking the baronet, for the sake of old times and one they had both loved, to do something for him. He had deserted from his ship, and wished to escape to America. As his presence was known in the island, he begged his old patron would meet him at the Craig's Head, after dusk.

The younger brother wished him not to go, or at all events, not to go alone. But he was a willful man, and would have his way.

The younger brother, who loved and esteemed him much, resolved to follow him, and to be near in case assistance was needed. He armed himself and went out. Far down in the west, he had beheld the sun sink behind a bank of black clouds, the upper edge of which was stained with blood, as it descended—here flushing into red fringe, there extending into patches of sullen crimson, till the vapor engulfed the last rays, and left nothing visible but the dusky earth and the starlit heavens.

After leaving the park, the way was rugged, and the moor over which they walked was broken into chasms and precipices, which put their heads in jeopardy every moment. The wind, too, over these bleak heights swept piercingly cold, and once or twice the younger brother felt the biting points of fine snow piercing his skin; but it could not be, for the stars still twinkled above, though their luster had become dimmer.

He could scarcely see before him; he but felt his way down a ravine, where the ground was rough and broken, so that showers of stones slid before him at every step.

At that instant there came the flash of a pistol right in his path, and not a dozen yards before him he saw the gaunt figures of two men on the summit of a cliff. Then, with a loud, wailing cry, one fell, and the younger, starting forward, had only time to see the baronet whirled down a cliff.

He followed, although the angle was sharp, and descended, till at length he reached the ledge of rock where his brother lay dying.

By superhuman exertions he clambered with the body up a sloping path to the summit of the cliff, where a cottage gave shelter to the master of all the country round—master for only a few hours.

He lived long enough to excite his brother, at once suspected from venal motives of having compassed his death, and to accuse Harry Greames, who, however, fled the country, and was no more heard of. Unfortunately, he stole the child of Lucy, so that his vengeance was complete.

Their captains were only too glad of a chance of prize money and promotion; but it was no small satisfaction that officers, crew and passengers saw land, and sailed that evening into the magnificent harbor. As they expected, there were two fast English cruisers in the bay, with whom the Admiral at once communicated.

A search ensued, but in vain. Not a trace of the villain was to be found.

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SATURDAY JOURNAL.

The hands of my watch pointed to the hour of ten, when we arose and ascended the ladder to the loft overhead.

Bose was perfectly tranquil, without a shadow of suspicion, and as I did not impart my doubts, he curled up in the straw bed, and in five minutes was snoring in his usual frightful manner.

I did not propose to sleep; I could not have done so had I tried; so, after extinguishing my dip, I employed my time in searching for a crevice between the planks that floored the loft through which I might be enabled to see, what was going on in the room below. This I at last found, and noiselessly dragging my mattress over, I lay down and prepared to watch.

The woman still sat beside the cradle, but was no longer rocking it. Her hands lay idly in her lap, and her face, which now wore a look of actual alarm, was turned expectantly toward the door.

Thus, without moving an inch as far as I could see, she sat for two long hours. Then came the change. And it was as startling as it was sudden.

Some sound without had attracted her attention. With a convulsive movement she started from her chair, but, as though her strength had departed, she sank back with a smothered cry, wringing her hands as if in hopeless misery or terror.

That was enough to have convinced the most skeptical that something was wrong, and taking the advantage of the woman's moving her chair across the room, I hastened over and awakened Bose.

I was forced to nearly strangle the poor fellow to prevent his usual exclamation of surprise under similar circumstances:

"Golly, Mars' Ralp, what's de matter?"

But I succeeded, and having seen that he was wide awake, I knew he was equal to any emergency.

I rapidly informed him of the situation, and while doing so, I heard the door below softly open and several persons enter.

When I got back to my place of observation and looked down, a totally different scene from the one of a moment before met my gaze.

The woman was still there, so was the cradle and its innocent occupant, also the sleeping child upon the rude trundle bed, but there were others, five of them, all rough, rugged, villainous looking fellows, heavily armed, and evidently ready and willing for any kind of work save that of an honest character.

As I scanned each face in succession, and finally came to that of a tall, raw-boned though exceedingly powerful man, I gave a sudden start of surprise, while a feeling of absolute terror took possession of me for an instant.

I had recognized one of the party who had attacked me at the wayside tavern, and knew that we were in the power of men who would show no mercy.

Bose, who had found another crack, made the same discovery.

"Good Marster, Mars' Ralp, dem's de same ones what we didn't kill at de tavern," he whispered, with his mouth close to my ear. I reached out and pressed his arm to enjoin silence, and then renewed observations.

The new-comers were evidently at home, the tall man especially, who I at once saw was the leading spirit of the party.

They spoke in whispers to one another while he conversed with the woman.

I caught an occasional word of her replies, such as "two hours ago," "seemed tired," and "are asleep long since"—not much, but more than enough to betray the fact that we were the subject of conversation.

Of course they did not yet know who we were, but that mattered little.

We were travelers probably had money or valuables, and that was sufficient.

I presume it never entered their minds to do anything else but cut our throats.

Gradually the caution that at first marked their movements and conversation wore away, and pretty soon we could, by close attention, hear all that was said, though they still spoke in low tones.

The point under discussion was, should they perform the little job at once, and be done with it, or should it be deferred until daylight.

The woman had told them that we were both well armed, and would probably fight desperately if we were aroused. Wait until morning, she argued, and then, after we had come down, was still the chance.

The dispute waxed warm for a time, but it was finally determined to wait, as the woman had suggested.

"Dis is wuss'n fother place, Mars' Ralp," whispered Bose.

"Yes, Bose. We are in a tight place. Here is no back window to creep out of," I replied, at the same time putting my mind to the task of devising some method of extricating ourselves from the difficulty.

Three of the men below had disappeared, probably gone into the other room across the passage, leaving the others on watch.

The woman again took her seat beside her babe, with hands folded in her lap, and a look of hopeless misery upon her face—sat silent and motionless.

So an hour or two wore away, and still I had devised no means of escape.

But at once an idea flashed into my mind, though I must admit it was suggested by Bose's movements.

He was silently fumbling with the half loose boards that constituted the roof above our heads, trying to remove some of them, or seeing if they could be removed.

That was it! Through the roof into the tree and thence to the ground by means of some of the stout grape-vines.

When one comes to remember that the work of forcing a hole through the tough clapboards had to be performed almost under the very noses of our would-be murderers, that the boards were dry and would rattle on the least provocation, and worse than all else, that the dogs without were on watch, he can have some idea of the desperate risk we ran in effecting our escape.

Slowly, silently, yet with more ease than I had dared hope, we took away three or four of the oaken slabs, and looked out and upward into the leafy arch above our heads.

Fortunately we found the night intensely dark, heavy clouds sounding, and a smart breeze rustling the leaves of the great oak, which in a manner served to drown the sounds of our work.

A last look down into the room, where the two villains sat sleeping in their chairs, and where the woman watched, and then to essay the exit through the hole.

In rising from my hands and knees a small penknife fell from my pocket upon the floor.

The woman started slightly, glanced up-

ward—a quick, furtive glance—and instantly lowered her eyes again.

She had heard the sound, knew that I was awake and moving, and yet gave no alarm.

I saw in a moment that she wished for my escape, and the relief the knowledge brought with it was immense.

"Up with you, Bose," I said, and the active fellow drew himself upward and quickly disappeared.

This answer was repeated to the prisoner, who bowed with a smile, saying:

"You have my faith to meet you, Saracen," and then remained silent as they passed through a succession of lofty halls and entered a great room furnished with true Eastern magnificence. A clash of rude musical instruments greeted them, and the captain bowed his forehead to the floor, signifying to his prisoner to do the same. But he stood proudly erect, his fine eye flashing brightly, fixed upon the Emir, who sat upon a sort of raised dais or throne upon the other side of the room, surrounded by guards and attendants glittering in barbaric ornaments, who clashed their swords together and raised a shout of adulation as the Emir rose. He was a powerful man, with dark, forbidding features and a fierce, unforgiving eye. His dress was magnificent, and jewels glittered upon it which were in themselves a princely inheritance.

"Who is this dog who will not bow before me?" said the Emir. "Fall upon your face, if you would save your life."

"Ronald De Vere never yet bowed the knee to mortal man, except his king, who is a king among kings," replied the knight, haughtily, "nor is he likely to do so now, to save his life."

"What do you mean, slave?" cried the Emir, who was learned in languages.

"Know you that you stand in the presence of the Emir El Zagul, the brother of Saladin."

"Upon your knees and beg for mercy."

"Saracen," said De Vere, proudly, "I am in your power, to do with as you may see fit."

"If you took up the sword in the cause of Jerusalem, I knew that I must meet danger, perhaps death, and I will not bend the knee."

At this moment a voice, faint and stifled, uttered a scream, and De Vere saw a lady who was sitting upon a low dais beside the Emir, half start from her seat, and throwing aside her veil turn toward him. He saw a beautiful face, not the face of a Saracen woman, but unmistakably English in every lineament.

De Vere uttered a wild cry, for he saw the face of one he had loved, the daughter of an apostate who fought un-

the English. That done return at once, for you have a mission to perform."

Ben Hassan, turning to an attendant, who understood the language of the prisoner. He repeated the words as nearly as he could.

"Tell this slave of the Franks that the race of Ben Hassan is as old as his own, and he will meet him fairly upon any field, and honor him by taking his life."

This answer was repeated to the prisoner, who bowed with a smile, saying:

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the English. That done return at once, for you have a mission to perform."

Ben Hassan bent low before the Emir, and retired backward, never turning his face from the Emir until he saw the great silken curtains drop before him. The knight saluted the Emir proudly and retired with him, and they returned to the court of the castle. During the bustle of preparation for departure, a page approached the knight slyly, and without being seen, managed to place something in his hand, and the knight slipped the package, for it was but small, into the pouch which contained the ring. His arms had been returned to him, and he was himself again as he bounded into the saddle, and took his lance from the hand of a Saracen esquire. Ben Hassan, with a guard of ten spearmen, was ready, and they clattered across the drawbridge, and rode swiftly toward the camp of the Crusaders, which was reached after a toilsome ride of some hours' duration. Here Ben Hassan left him and rode back, and the knight, taking the pouch from his side, drew out a little billet fastened with colored silk. He broke the thread, and ran his eye hastily over the contents:

"You have done me a great wrong," the letter said. "Though my father is a traitor to the true cross and his knightly oath, Rosalie Marchmont never can be untrue. I leave the Emir castle at daybreak two days hence for Saladin's camp. The guard will consist of ten men, under Ben Hassan, and will take the road by the Garden of Olives. If you are a true knight, wrest me from them, and let me end my days in an English convent, praying for my unhappy father. Farewell."

The young knight pressed his lips to the billet, and shaking his hand toward the distant castle, rode into the crusaders' camp, where he was warmly greeted, for he had been missed, and his faithful esquire had been found dead beside the way where they had been surprised by the Saracens and overpowered by numbers.

At the appointed hour, just as the sun rose, Rosalie Marchmont rode out of the Emir's castle, accompanied by Ben Hassan and a party of picked men.

The cavalcade moved on slowly among the dates and palms, and passed the olive garden which was the appointed place.

Beyond them lay a little rise of ground crowned with low bushes, and beyond these the passes of the mountains which, if she once passed through, there was little hope of being able to cross again. Still no signs

AGRICULTURAL ODE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The dew is fresh upon the grass,
And frosty stir the breezes.

Autumn's green and golden harvests
There come the hum of bees;

They've shaken slumber from their wings,
And dive into the roses;

The farmers go into the field,
Armed peacefully with hoes.

The sun, stuck full of splintered beams,
Above the forest rises,

And into life his warming rays
Invigorates the fleshes.

The peacock sings to the morn,
Fly round the little houses;

I hear the bleating of the lambs
And lowing of the cows.

The little lambs they tries about,
Above the forest rises,

They fly of trees and stones,

And frolic with the swallows;

The peacock spreads right gorgeously

The tail he so much prizes,

And all the while he thinks him

Peacockalorum eyes.

The horses draw the plows and strain

The never-yielding traces,

The boys are plowing very deep,

Because they know it payes,

Then boys are smart; they've deeply read

In the great school-chases,

The wherforcs and the whyforcs of

The agricultural laws.

They well know that, to make the plow

Run smoothly and with ease,

To indicate with the plowshares,

And share their greases,

To run furrows very straight,

They sight along their noses,

So that the future corn may grow

In horizontal rows.

I've studied agriculture, and

I think that much it pleases;

I've read Hoyle through, and Bunyan too,

And with them I agrees,

I understand it practical;

I've learned all the law,

Prefer to lounge about the house,

And wait for rainy dayes.

Short Stories from History.

John Smith and the Turks.—The celebrated Captain John Smith has a life history as full of romance as an Arabian Night's Tale. His adventures in Virginia and Maryland are so stirring and exciting that to the boys especially he is a great hero; but his previous adventures in Turkey far transcends his later exploits in their novel character.

The narrative of this noted man's early life is left in some obscurity. When quite young he served in the Transylvanian army, where he greatly distinguished himself. In a battle near Rotentot, in which the Turks and Tartars were the victors, Captain Smith was severely wounded and taken prisoner.

He was sold to the Basha Bogal, who sent him as a present to his mistress, Trabagazza, at Constantinople, accompanied with a message as full of vanity as void of truth, that he had conquered a Bohemian nobleman, and presented him to her as a slave.

The present proved more acceptable to the lady than was intended; and Smith became so much in favor, that, to prevent his being ill-used or sold again, she sent him to her brother, the Basha of Nalbraitz, in the country of the Cambrian Tartars, on the borders of the sea of Asoph. Her pretence